

## **The morning greeting**

**How delicate the web between the trees—  
It was but all that tied each one to each,  
And even though atop by limbs and leaves  
Would touch, was said the wind compelled this  
reach.**

**And too, the sounds that moved from tree to tree,  
Perhaps just lonely song the songbirds lent,  
To seem as if the trees somehow believed  
In something more than what the songbird meant.**

**Were I to tell of more than what was there:  
The morning greeting and her brief reply,  
Or lean to see the silver in the air,  
Betrayed by love's dark need to verify,**

**Like one who goes between the trees, might tear,  
The delicates that also linger there.**